

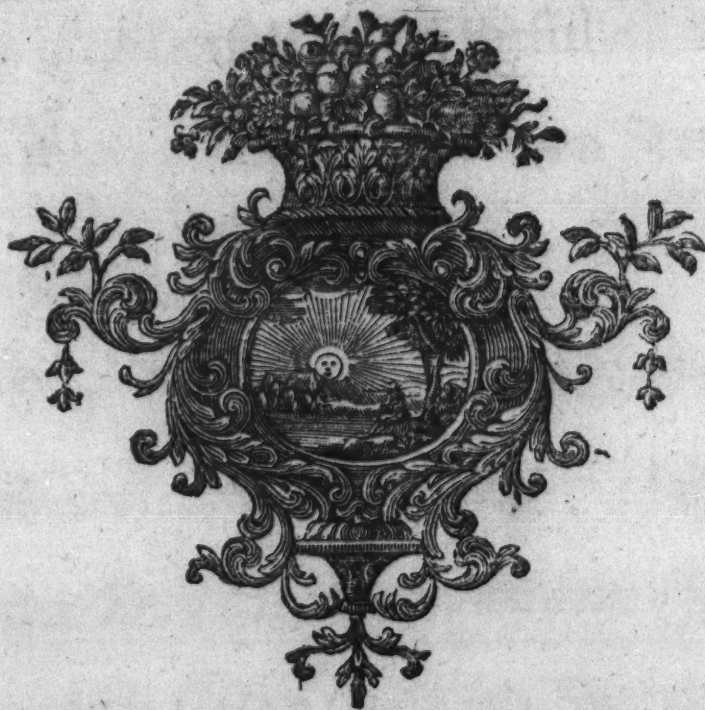
1490 f 11

A N

IMITATION

O F

HORACE's 16th EPODE.



L O N D O N,

Printed for T. COOPER, in *Pater-noster-row*. MDCCXXXIX.

(Price 6d.)

AN
IMITATION
OF
HORACE'S 10th EPODE



LONDON

Printed for T. Cooper, in Pall-mall.

(Price 6s)

AN
IMITATION

OF
HORACE'S 16th EPODE.

'*ENGLAND* again, by Civil Discord torn,
Has o'er herself a shameful Conquest won:
(Strange to relate) doom'd her own Strength to mourn,
By Lux'ry starv'd, and by her Gold undone!
²*LEWIS* in Changes ever faithless found,
Still, unsuccessful, aim'd at thy Disgrace;
What did the *DUTCH*, but meditate the Wound?
Or the twelfth *CHARLES* with *SWEDEN*'s hardy Race?

¹*Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas.*
Suis & ipsa Roma viribus ruit.
Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marſi,
Minacis aut Etruſca Porſenæ manus;
Æmula nec virtus Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer,
²*Noviſque rebus infidelis Allobrox.*
Nec fera cæruleâ domuit Germania pube,
Parentibusque abominatus Annibal;

B

Say,

Say, what avail'd thee, SCOTIA, to withstand,

If to thy Sons a Victim thou remain;

Or if the ³Wolves once more their native Land

Shall vindicate, relinquish'd by the DANE?

⁴Th' Iberian Troops in *EDWARD's hallow'd Fane,

Shall insolently scoff at ST. JOHN's Bust;

Sneer, where ELIZA sleeps, the Scourge of SPAIN,

And trample on great EDWARD's awful Dust.

⁵The better Part, perhaps, the Storm would shun,

Haste, let us swiftly o'er the Ocean Sweep;

Slight are the greatest Perils we can run,

Compar'd with those of Lux'ry's dang'rous Deep.

Here then we fix — For does their ought appear

More safe? Why then, my Countrymen, so loth

The crowded Vessels boldly forth to steer,

Bound by the solemn Sanction of an Oath?

Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas:

3 Perisque rursus occupabitur solum.

4 Babarus, heu, cineres insistet victor, & urbem

Eques sonante verberabit ungulâ.

Quæque carent ventis & solibus ossa Quirini,

(Nefas videre) dissipabit insolens.

5 Fortè quid expediat, communiter aut melior pars

Malis carere quæritis laboribus.

* Westminster Abbey, built and endowed by Edward the Confessor.

'Twas thus the †PADUAN Race did once retire
 To ADRIA's Gulph; their Temples left a Prey
 To Wolves that yell'd around the naked Choir;
 Their Lands to Tyrants still more fierce than they.

Nor will we e're return, 'till from the Ground
 Shall start, spontaneous, ‡ANNA's fiftieth Spire,
 The public Debts, 'till FABIAS shall be found
 To pay, or the great Patriot's worth admire.

When Villany's foul Hand shall scorn the Bribe,
 When the tax'd Hind to Forage shall invite
 The swagg'ring Trooper, or the martial Tribe,
 Their unseam'd Visages in honest Fight

*Nulla sit hac potior sententia: 6 (Phocæorum
 Velut profugit execrata civitas,
 Agros atque Lares proprios, habitandaque fana
 Apris reliquit & rapacibus lupis)
 Ire pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas
 Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.
 Sic placet? An melius quis habet suadere? Secundâ
 Ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
 7 Sed juremus in hæc; simul imis saxa renârint
 Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas:
 Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
 Padus Matina laverit cacumina:
 In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenminus,
 Novaque monstra junxerit libidine
 Mirus amor: juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis*

† When the *Hans*, under *Attila*, broke in a third Time upon *Italy*, the *Paduans* and *Milanese* having no Hopes of returning to their native Countries, collected themselves into a Body and settled in the *Lagunes*, some little Islands in the *Adriatic Sea*, amongst which *Venice* is now seated.

‡ Queen *Anne*, in the third Year of her Reign (out of her great Affection to the Church, for which her Name will be ever

dear to Posterity) gave up the first Fruits and Tenth of spiritual Benefices, in order to augment small Livings in *England* and *Wales*. And in the ninth Year of her Reign she procured an Act for building and endowing Fifty Churches in the Cities and Suburbs of *London* and *Westminster*, and for some other public Uses. About eleven Churches have since been built, and three, I think, have been repaired.

Disfigur'd

Disfigur'd, shall with foreign Suns embrown,
 When BRITAIN'S peaceful Armaments shall learn
 To awe another Land, and spare her own;
 Then, then, my Countrymen, will we return. —

⁹Let us, than the mistaken Herd more wise,
 Unmov'd, all womanish, weak Fears give o'er;
 Let us, my Friends, with irretorted Eyes,
 Launch boldly on, beyond the CORNISH Shore;
 But let the rest, a weak enfeebled Brood,
 Stick close to their ill-fated native Den;
 For as some Portion of the Ocean's Flood
 Rolls yet, ev'n yet, unsearch'd by prying SPAIN:

Can we deliberate? No — "some happier Isle
 We'll seek, from BRITAIN'S Vices far remote,
 Where Virtue deigns t'enrich the favour'd Soil,
 And CERES smiles, ¹²untax'd upon the Spot.

- Adulteretur & columba milvio:
 Credula nec flavos timeant armenta leones;
 Ametque salsa lævis hircus æquora.
 Hæc, & quæ poterunt reditus abscindere dulces,
 Eamus omnis execrata civitas,
⁹ Aut pars indocili melior grege: mollis & exspes
 Inominata perprimat cubilia.
 Vos quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
 Hetrusca præter & volate littora.
¹⁰ Nos manet oceanus circumvagus: arva beata
¹¹ Petamus arva, divites & insulas,
¹² Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,*

The faithful Olive never there deceives
 The Planter's Hope, and ¹³ unexcis'd the Vine
 Blossoms perpetual, while its ample Leaves
 The Fig extends to shade us as we dine;
 The Cows their voluntary Udders bring
 Courting the Damsel's Hand, the stubborn Oak
 Weeps Juice mellifluous, ¹⁴ while the limpid Spring
 With tinckling Pace comes hurrying down the Rock.
 With no infectious Monsters teems this Place,
 Nor Fears th'Inhabitant a dire alarm,
 (Blest Fate) from the ¹⁵ tax-gath'ring prowling Race,
 But snores secure each Peasant in his Farm.
 These Blessings and much more shall we enjoy,
 Nor fear ¹⁶ lest Brib'ry's Flood the Land infest,
 Or Faction, ¹⁷ like a raging Flame destroy
 The Seeds of Virtue in the Patriot's breast.

¹³ *Et imputata floret usque vinea:*
Germinat & nunquam fallentis termes olivæ,
Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem:
Mella cavâ manant ex ilice, ¹⁴ montibus altis
Levis crepante lympa desilit pede.
Illic injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ,
Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera:
¹⁵ *Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,*
Nec intumescit alta viperis humus.
Pluraque felices mirabimur, ut neque largis
¹⁶ *Aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,*
¹⁷ *Pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glebis:*
Utrumque rege temperante cœlitum.